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VOLUME XII.

Not Alone.

The following beautiful verses are from the
last work which Prof. Upham prepared:
I cannot be alone;
Where'er I go I find
Around my steps the presence thrown
Of the Eternal Mind.
He lives in all my thoughts;
His home is in my heart;
There is no loneliness for me;
I never live apart.
I sometimes go from men,
Far into the silent woods;
But he is with me even then
In shady solitudes.
The fellow of my walks,
Companion ever nigh,
He fills the solitary place
With love and sympathy.

CHARITY BOSTON.

BY MISS EMMA N. DEEBE.

AUTHOR OF
"Margaret Chester," "Happy Light," and
"Ruth Hawthorne."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1873, in the Office of the Librarian of the Con-
gress, at Washington.

CHAPTER III.

Cousin Raplee.

For two days it rained almost con-
stantly, and the cloud which came with
us from Tompkinsville was not lifted. It
was no pillar of guidance, brightening
into fire in the night, but all gloom, and
in spite of our efforts to drive it away, it
brooded in our hearts and changed the
appearance of our faces. Mother and I
were very busy cleaning and arranging;
father and Henry helped us; Tommy
and Mignon, having exhausted the unat-
tractive novelties of the house, wandered
about dejectedly and pleaded to go back
to the old home. But on the third
morning the low, leaden arch was broken
and we saw the blue sky beyond; the
sun came out in splendor and spring
breathed upon us first balmy breath.
At about ten o'clock father came in, glad
with the tidings that there were pleasant
views from our front door.

"I knew there would be," said mother.
"Come, Chatty, let us rest a moment
seeing them, and take courage."
I was skeptical, but followed on, cur-
ious to see what father could find to
show and mother to admire. They had
but little to say about objects in our im-
mediate neighborhood, and that little
was principally concerning the loudest
trees in the yard, which were to make
shade and coolness in summer. But there
were low hills lying just beyond the vil-
lage with a gleam of water at their feet,
and one had a crown of leafless trees
upon its summit, while between them we
could see other hills far beyond, and
bluer than the sky. We knew that
where these stood the sun would go down
and we should see his glory. I was quite
ashamed to have been looking in the
same direction but an hour before and to
have found nothing to admire.

While we were talking a man in a
carriage stopped at the gate and leaped
out to hitch his horse.
"David Raplee," said father, going to
meet him, and after a moment presenting
him to mother.
He was an erect, finely-formed man,
ten years her senior, I judged, with gray
hair and beard, and clear, kindly, pen-
etrating eyes. He shook her hand
warmly, and sent a searching look into
her face as if to find all that the years
had brought her. But instead of disap-
pointment and reproof and a crushed
spirit, which I am afraid he expected to
see, he saw pride of character, courage,
patience, faith.

"The same, Charity. The freshness
has gone, but otherwise your face has
gained rather than lost. Life must
have been very kind to you, after all."
This was said half as though he spoke
to himself, and in a tone of surprise.
"Very kind," mother replied, and with
her usual self-possession turned and in-
troduced him to me.

He looked into my face as searchingly
as he had into hers.
"Another Charity?"
"Well, yes," I replied, hesitating,
"perhaps another, but not repetition. I
am an Chat commonly, Chatty if you pet
me, and Chatter if you tease—but Char-
ity almost never. Do not think of find-
ing me mother's exponent or copy. I
am afraid I shall never be able to represent
her."

Here father interrupted by saying,
"We were just taking our first real view
of our surroundings."
"And do you find them as pleasant as
you expected?"
"About the same. I had been here
before and knew pretty well what to look
for."

"But you had not"—addressing mother.
"You are disappointed, perhaps."
"No, on the whole I am better pleased
than I anticipated. This morning has
brought me some pleasant surprises."
"Indeed! May I ask what they are?"
He put the question with an expres-
sion of face which said: "What do you
mean? What can you find to like
here?"

"I see," said mother, "that we are to
be owners of more real estate than I
thought."
"Until some house is put up over
against us, all those fine hills will be
open to see and enjoy, and possibly they
will help us as much as though our flocks
fed upon their grasses. We need no title
deed to the pleasure so fine a prospect
gives."
"And shall have to pay no taxes,"
suggested father.
"A most practical and comforting con-
sideration," replied Mr. Raplee, smiling.
"And by and by, if you will come,

mother continued, "I expect to show you
what I see now but you can't—cleanness
and grass and vines and flowers within
our gates. And that without any figure
of speech—we shall have gates then."
"I congratulate you on your stretch of
vision, and shall surely come to see the
prophecy fulfilled. But, really, I think
you will like Rocky Bend. It has some
fine buildings and streets. This is the
least pleasant part of it, but I hope it
is not a bad neighborhood. On your
left are the Doolittles—industrious not
withstanding their name. Their house,
you see, is rather pretentious, and I be-
lieve they own it. And on your right
is Dr. Browning, who is beginning to
have quite a ride, they say. I am un-
acquainted with his wife; she may be one
that you will like. Then on the other
side, yonder, is Pat McDeed, who has been
in this country long enough to have rub-
bed off the taint of the Emerald Isle, but
it shows yet. It is possible that the fam-
ily may annoy you some, but I think
you'll not have any serious trouble. In
the other house, opposite the Doolittles,
Mrs. Summerland lives."

He did not speak the name as I have
heard it so often since—Summerland—but
made both parts of the word empha-
tically.
"Summerland," I replied slowly. "Evi-
dently a misnomer."
He turned upon me those penetrating
eyes half inquiringly, and half as though
I had given him another glimpse of my
character.

"Proof of what I told you at first," I
returned. "I do not represent Charity,
the mother—she never judges so harshly."
"It was but natural that you should
think as you did, judging from the
house, which will brighten up by and
by. Winter comes externally to Mrs.
Summerland as to others; she is well
acquainted with poverty, and supports
herself with her needle. But I am glad
you know her."

"I thought Mrs. Beach lived in that
house."
"Mrs. Beach! I do not know any
one by that name."
"But she said you had put us in her
care—she was at your house on Satur-
day."

"I don't understand—oh! you mean
Ann Cooper—I remember now—I did
say something like that to her."
"The one I mean called herself Mrs.
Beach."
"Very likely. She was married to a
man by that name fifteen or twenty years
ago, and after a honeymoon of two days
they parted, and from that time she has
not seen him. But ever since then she
has gone her way rejoicing and thanking
her stars that she is not an old maid.
She is usually called Ann Cooper. She
does live with Mrs. Summerland—I had
forgotten that. If Ann has taken you
under her care it is a favorable omen,
for whom she blesses is blessed."

"And whom she curses is cursed."
"I did not say that. You are in no
danger from her. She has a kind heart."
We went into the house, where things
were far from being in their places, but
only arranged in such order as seemed
best while waiting for plaster and paint-
ing to be done. True gentlemen
as he was, Mr. Raplee appeared to take
notice of nothing, but I believed he saw
everything, and took a rapid mental in-
ventory of all, looking in the furniture
for something more of mother, to find
whether, indeed, she had not become dis-
couraged in all the years of moving about,
and feeding, clothing and educating
us children from such slender
means, and I more than half wished he
had said away until he could see us un-
der more favorable circumstances. But
I liked him so well, and his early com-
pliments so complimentary, that it was
easy to forgive. He seemed interested
in us all—pleased with Tommy,
Henry and Mignon, and made many
inquiries about Alice.

"How soon shall I bring Mrs. Raplee
and Fanny to see you?" he asked, rising
to go.
We begged him to wait a week or
two, until we could get the house in or-
der, and he went away leaving us a good
deal cheered.
For this cheer our work seemed easier,
and Saturday night found us further on
than we had dared to hope. Father had
done the plastering and whitewashing
himself rather than wait for a mason,
and mother and I had made good head-
way with the painting. We had ex-
changed pleasant words with the Brown-
ings and Doolittles over the fences, but
none of our neighbors had been in except
the little McDeed girls, who said to
mother:
"Will you"—a sigh—"Miss Boston,
ma wants to know if you will lend her
a drawin' of tea."

Busy as the week had been, the Sab-
bath had not been left out of thought.
Already had father taken a seat in
church, so that on our first Sunday we
all went with the feeling that we be-
longed there.
How carefully I dressed myself that
morning, chiefly for the eyes of the Rap-
lees. Thanks to Aunt Murdoch, with
whom I had been living, New York, I had
elegant clothing; but, although mother
had always the air of elegance, she
was little that was costly, and I took
care that my attire should correspond
with hers as nearly as possible, and be
quiet and appropriate, yet rich. I did
not care that it was not what would be
expected of one living where we did—
people would judge of us by our apparel,
I said, and it pleased me to think that
there was probably not a lady in church
more elegantly dressed than myself.

These kind thoughts occupied me
on my way thither, and while I sat
in the congregation. The sermon and
the things of which it treated were of
little importance to me that day. Yet I
had in my possession a letter recom-
mending me to the church, at Rocky
Bend. Had I a right to it? Was I one
of our Father's loving children?
Not if only they are such who are
free from pride and worldly ambition—
who are occupied more with celestial
streets than with these lowly ways
wherein we walk. Not if only they are
such who are conscious of leaning con-
tinually upon the breast of the Great
Love, instead of having to run to it in
every grief, and only once in a while re-
membering to give thanks for their joys.
If I was indeed one of that family, I
was a very little child, pleased with toys
and play. But I cannot help thinking
that the infinite Father looks on with a
smile when his little children are happy
with the things he has given them, as a
human father does with his darling. He
would not care for it himself—indeed it
is useless except as a toy, and he wants
the darling sometimes to drop all play-
things and run on little errands, or
nestle empty-handed in his arms, he
wants him to outgrow the love of toys,
and as he gets older, to come to him for
better things; but now he is glad to see
him happy at play. Sometimes I think
that we who bear the Royal Name try
to be old before our time, and please
ourselves with the childish fic-
tion of being servants, doing great things
for the King, when we are so small that
he can only trust us with the simplest
and shortest errands; and when he does
as dear children, to fold in his arms and
to love. I was intensely fond of my
play, with now and then a grief to carry
to my Father. I don't know if, after
these years, I have learned to rest long
content in his arms without toys.

After the service was over Mr. Raplee
brought to us Fanny, his daughter. She
professed to be very glad we had come
and to be eager for an acquaintance. She
had a pleasant face, was graceful and
stylish, and I was sure I should like
her.
CHAPTER IV.
NEIGHBORS.
Perhaps, after all, father's love
of change and new scenes was the secret
of our moving about from place to place in
the true Methodist minister fashion,
though without his reason. And I must
have inherited somewhat of this inclina-
tion, for it has always been a pleasure to
make acquaintances, and to see faces I had
not seen before, even without the ex-
pectation of finding friends. It was this
that made me drop my paint brush—
we were painting the parlor—and follow
mother into the kitchen, whither she had
been summoned to meet Mrs. McDeed.
She came to make her first call. They
had been talking a little time, however, when
I entered, and my errand appeared to
warrant my hands.
Our visitor had celebrated the return
of spring and honored us by donning a
pink calico dress, a brown striped apron
of the same material, a light shawl with
a faded, printed border, and her Sunday
bonnet of straw, trimmed with some
kind of light ribbon, deep red flowers
with crushed petals, and a black feather.
Mother introduced me to her.
"Sure, an it's yer self, she is a sweet
girl she is indeed. May the Lord spare
her to ye—may he spare her over
night."
In which prayer, however, desirous I
was of being spared, and even for a
longer period, I was not devout enough
to join. But she had not done with her
flattery.
"I told Patrick when ye was movin'
in, ye was just the neighbors I was look-
in' for. Patrick, see I, they mind me
of Mike Flaherty's folks, and they're
out proud, indeed they're not proud!
Och, ye have shakin' with righteous
indignation and the index finger of her
left hand pointin' at me—ye have yer
side of neighbors that ye have here ye
niver did see; I niver did in all my life.
But, see I, Patrick, these new neighbors
is not proud; they'll be neighbors, and
if ye want neighbors ye must be neigh-
borly. Till he neighborly—it's right for
me to begin. I'll send for the loan of a
drawin' to repay."

What reply mother found to give, I
have quite forgotten, nor do I find it in
my diary, to which I am indebted for so
much of the history of those days. But
what followed is both written there and
fresh in memory.
"An' it is long that ye've been out from
Boston?"
Mother did not understand the ques-
tion.
"From Boston—from Boston—is it
long that ye've come out?"
"It is several years since I visited that
city, and we have never lived there."
"But they told me ye was a Boston-
er."
"Our name is Boston."
"For the reason that ye came from
there?"
"No, it is our name as yours is Mc-
Deed."
The woman looked perplexed and kept
silence for a moment, picking her shawl
fringe nervously.
"An' yer pure name lost all his money
—that is bad—oh, I felt bad when I
heard it."
Mother looked greatly surprised. "It
is a mistake, Mrs. McDeed—it must be
some one else you are thinking of. I am
not aware that my husband has lost any
money."
"Not in the strait, indeed, but the
debts—the debts."
"No, not even debts. Seldom any but
his employers owe him, and they have
invariably been reliable men, with whom
we could find little fault in that respect."
"Intirely, intirely, but he's a bankrupt,
they say, and what I mean—is it long
that ye are poor?"
"Some one has told you wrong. We
have never been great people at all, but
have always lived pretty much as you

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1873.

will see us when we can get our house in
order."

So that was what people were, saying
of us, that there had been a failure, and
we had come from some great city to get
out of sight until we could retrieve our
fortunes. I felt very thankful to Mrs.
McDeed for the intelligence, indeed be-
cause quite favorably disposed towards
her, for the idea was rather a pleasant
one. There was something romantic in
it which captivated my fancy, and I half
sympathized with me in this.

The days went on, and at the end of
the second week our painting and paper-
ing were all done, and the house began
to wear a clean, cheerful look. The
kitchen a sitting and dining room, and
in its place, on the new rag carpet, was a
small stove which we should need nearly
all summer. The windows had been
curtained, pictures hung upon the
walls, some of them my own drawings,
and the little round table drawn out so
we had it elsewhere. The little parlor
was yet to be arranged. There was also
a change out of doors, for the boys had
been busy cleaning the yard, and the
place looked much more respectable than
it had two weeks before.

On that Saturday evening, when the
work of the week was done, and Henry
and Tommy had seated themselves at the
table to read, and Mignon had claimed
her place in mother's lap, Mrs. Doolittle
and Mrs. Browning came. The former
was much the older—more than fifty, I
thought—a portly woman, with little
grace of form or movement, and a flushed
face, receding regularly in all directions
from the prominent flushed nose. But
she had a motherly look, and as I knew,
had grown up sons and daughters. Mrs.
Browning was much younger, not more
than twenty-five, perhaps, and had no
children. She had made a very unsuccess-
ful effort to be stylish in dress. She wore a
smile, too, the same which had been upon
her face every time I had seen her, and
which showed, perhaps, have given me
the idea of a sunny, cheerful disposition,
but did not. Although far from being
unobservant of it, I had failed to see
what it meant. She had also brought her
laugh. But, as I had afterwards learned,
both the smile and the laugh went
everywhere.

Mother received them most cordially.
"I am very glad to see you," she said.
"Gneass," responded Mrs. Doolittle.
"I find difficulty in spelling Mrs. Doolittle's
yes, but since it invariably began
with the sound of 'gn' in mignonette, I
commission those letters to lead off."
"Gneass, we talked about coming be-
fore, but you seemed to have so much to
do we thought you'd just as lives we'd
wait."

"That was very considerate. We have
been up a good deal of confusion, and all
things are not such as they used to be,
and henceforth we shall be happy to see
our neighbors."
"I think," said Mrs. Browning, speak-
ing as she always did, on a high key,
"that you've made some changes here.
Hm, hm, m."

This last was her laugh as nearly as I
can give it. But I doubt whether it can
be exactly expressed by any letter of the
alphabet or any combination of letters.
When it was made—I do not mean by
this that the laugh was artificial—the
mouth was tightly shut, and the sound
forced through the nose.
"You must be very lively by this
time," said Mrs. Doolittle. "Do you en-
joy good health?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, excellent health
usually. Chatty and I are somewhat
jaded now, but we shall rest to-morrow,
and the weeks to come will not bring
quite so much work, we hope."
"I told the doctor," said Mrs. Brown-
ing, "that I didn't envy you the job of
cleaning up after them McGwenses."
They had been all I ever see for dirt,
hm hm m m."

"Gneass," Mrs. Doolittle put in, "and I
told Miss Browning I didn't see how you
ever stood it. I'm sure I couldn't. I
should have to see for the doctor often
than I do now, and it would take more
than one Sunday to rest me."

"I'm sorry to learn that your health
is poor," said mother, "but it seems for-
tunate that we have a physician so near
at hand."
"Gneass, it is. That's just what I tell
him. I tell him if we had to send
way off for a doctor as some folks do,
we should have to keep a horse on the
road pretty much all the time. And
then to think we have got such a good
one so close by makes us feel safe as a
body can."

"Hm hm m, I don't know what the
doctor would say to hear you talk like
that—hm hm m. I don't think he's so
very likely. He's gone so much that
I'm sure he's a poor fellow. He's a poor
fellow. Hm hm m. You'd better move
somewhere else if you want to get him,
Mrs. Boston, hm hm m."

The conversation turned upon the
churches. Mrs. Doolittle had been us-
ing, on Sunday—where did we go?
Mother told her, and she had been
much interested. Mrs. Doolittle had
been very often—"Did not like to"—had
the feeling that she could "not dress quite
well enough," and somebody had said the
people of that society looked "down on
Clay street." She did not know that she
was right, but she had the feeling that
they were a little more aristocratic there
than in the other churches.

I confess that this opinion was pleasing
to me.
"I tell her," said Mrs. Browning, "that
she's too humble. She must be aristo-
cratic, too, and then she'll be all right,
hm hm m. That's the way I do, hm hm
m. I calculate to dress as well as any of
'em if I do live on Clay street. My hus-
band's a doctor, and I can dress—and I

think it's a duty in my position. Hm
hm m."
"I cannot help thinking you are wrong
in that feeling, Mrs. Doolittle," mother
said, "and it hardly seems that we have
any right to think of such matters in
reference to public worship."
"Gneass, I suppose we hain't it. Miss
Summerland goes there and likes it. She
hain't been in to see you yet, has she?"
She had not.

"Gneass, Wal, she's generally pretty
slow about such things. She takes in
work, you know, and she's been hur-
ried lately. She has all she can do."
They staid a long time, and Mrs. Doolittle
told us of her children. Her son
Nathan was twenty-one last August, and
had just hired out to Peter Bostwick for
the summer to drive team. "Liza was a
little younger, she should think about my
age; and they were wonderful glad
somebody had come into that house that
would be a mate for them. "Liza was at
home now—she had been out to work
during the winter, but Mrs. Doolittle
had been so "miserable" that she thought
she should have to keep her for a while,
at least. She tried to get "Liza to come
with her, but Liza was a little bashful
and thought her mother had better come
first. We would see her very soon.

After they were gone not a word was
spoken for several minutes. Then I
asked, "Mother, don't you repent com-
ing into this house?"
"Since we must come to Rocky Bend—
no."
"Oh, dear!" I said, and mentally
wished mother would be more like other
people.

think it's a duty in my position. Hm
hm m."

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in that feeling, Mrs. Doolittle," mother
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asked, "Mother, don't you repent com-
ing into this house?"
"Since we must come to Rocky Bend—
no."
"Oh, dear!" I said, and mentally
wished mother would be more like other
people.

From Father to Son.

One day a young man entered a mer-
chant's office in Boston, and with a pale
and care worn face, said:
"Sir, I am in need of help. I have
been unable to meet certain payments,
because certain parties have not done as
they agreed by me, and would like to have
\$10,000. I came to you because you were
a friend to my father, and might be
a friend to me."

"Come in," said the old merchant,
"come in and have a glass of wine."
"No," said the young man, "I don't
drink."
"Have a cigar, then?"
"No, I never smoke."
"Well, said the old gentleman; "I
would like to accommodate you, but I
don't think I can."
"Very well," said the young man, as he
was about to leave the room. "I thought
perhaps you might. Good day, sir."

"Hold on," said the merchant, "you
don't drink?"
"No, sir."
"Nor smoke?"
"No, sir, I am superintendent of the
Sunday school."

"Well," said the merchant, "you shall
have it, and three times the amount if
you wish. Your father let me have \$5,
000 once, and asked me the same questions.
He trusted me, and I will trust you. No
thanks—I owe it to you for your father's
trust."

Humorous.
Brothers-in-law—the Judges.
Cloth for the baker—Dough skin.
The May of life blooms only once.
Does a dumb man always keep his
words?

Query—Can a plain cook also be a
pretty one?
German silver polish—Teak nickle ed-
ucation.
How to prevent bad dreams—don't go
to sleep.

A theatrical subscription—A change
of scene.
Ought a strong boy be paid a weekly
salary.
A sure way to make an impression—
fall down in the mud.

The less power a man has the more he
likes to use it.
A joyless life is worse than one of ac-
tive grief.
To make apple trees bear—Pick off all
the leaves as soon as they appear.

One may live a conqueror, a king, or a
magistrate, but he must die a man.
Honor and riches are the two springs
of our discontent.
Motive shines like a halo of glory, or
shines like a blighting curse around every
act of life.

Why is true weight like an unconscious
person? Because it has no scruples.
Why is the road of the transgressor so
hard? Because it is so much traveled.
Why is a pair of skates like an apple
because they both have occasioned the
fall of man.

You glean knowledge by reading, but
you must separate the wheat from the
chaff by thinking.
There is a man in town so bashful that
he seldom gets acquainted with the facts
of the case.

The man who has never known the
luxury of doing a kindness will probably
never know the bliss of heaven.
A fastidious Alabama boy shot his
father because the latter did not purchase
him as good a pair of boots as he wanted.

A crusty old bachelor says that love
is a wretched business, consisting of a
little sighing, a little crying, a little dying
and a deal of lying.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes
of the State of New York.
TERMS:
One copy per annum, in Advance, \$1.50.
Clubs of 10, \$1.25. Single copies, Five Cents.
No notice will be taken of anonymous com-
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writer, not necessary for publication, but as a
guarantee of good faith.
Contributors are alone responsible for views
expressed in communications.
Subscriptions and all business letters to be
directed to H. C. HIDE, Editor, Mexico,
Oswego Co., N. Y.

Contributions and Editorial Correspondence to
be sent, at the option of the writer, either to the
above, or to H. C. HIDE, Associate Editor,
In

HOME AND COUNTY.

TAXES.

MR. HUMPHRIES.—You ask for a statement of the amount of taxes levied on the town of Mexico for the year 1872 as compared with the year 1871. The total levy of tax for 1871 was \$15,046.62; for the year 1872, \$18,151.81. The State tax for the year 1871 was \$3,578.30; for the year 1872, \$6,023.80. There was raised in 1871, for support of roads and bridges, \$650; in 1872, 1,355. For support of Poor in 1871, \$700; in 1872, \$700, besides \$176 added by the Town Board, on Act of the Overseers of the Poor, for expensess law suit. Which makes \$3,326.50 more raised in 1872 for the year 1871. W. J. MEXTER. Mexico, Jan. 7th, 1873.

Oriental and Bible Lands Illustrated.

Hon. I. S. Diehl, late U. S. Consul at Java, and U. S. Commissioner to Asia, will lecture at the Mexico M. E. Church on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17 and 18, 1873. And a Children's Matinee, Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, for which tickets will be 15 cents.

This wonderful Traveler and Popular Lecturer has spent the last fifteen years in visiting almost every place of interest and renown on both hemispheres. Three years were spent in visiting every place of note in the lands of History. Like Herodotus, he describes what he saw with his own eyes, heard with his own ears, and handled with his own hands. Students of the Bible and History, men, women and children, have now a rare opportunity for information, which they may never have again. The Lecture will embrace four years travel in the east, visiting Java, China, India, Arabia, Persia, Babylonia, Susiana, Chaldea, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Egypt, Turkey, Assyria, Syria, Palestine and Holy Land, the Rivers Euphrates, Tigris, Jordan and Nile, Garden of Eden, Tower of Babel, Palaces and Hanging Gardens of Babylon and Nineveh, Solomon's Temple, Tombs of Ezra, Ezekiel, Daniel, Abraham, Jonah, Al Omer, David, Noah, Job, Patriarchs, etc., Cities of Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Aleppo, Damascus, Antioch, Bagdad, Cairo, Ur, Constantinople, Baalbek, etc. Customs, Habits, Manners and Religions of the People.

These Lectures will be illustrated by the use of Large Bible Maps and Fifty Diagrams; many specimens of Ancient Coins, Historic Cylinders—Printing Presses in use four thousand years ago; Stone Books; Precious Stones; a Golden Eagle; a Tear Bottle, and a wonderful specimen of the lost Arts and Sciences, brought from the countries visited by the Lecturer, who appears in Oriental Costume, illustrating the manners, habits and religious customs of those people.

They have been given extensively and successfully, and in many of the large cities, as New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and on the Pacific coast, to churches of the various denominations, Lyceum, Literary Institutions, Young Men's Christian Associations and S. Schools, giving very general satisfaction and awakening increased interest in this line of study. A large number of Ministers and S. S. Superintendents of the various persuasions, and newspapers in various sections speak of him with unbounded terms of praise.

Lectures commence at 7 o'clock. Tickets each evening 25 cents. Children's, 15 cents. To be obtained at H. C. Peck's, Stone, Robinson & Co's, E. Rulison, and E. L. Huntington's.

THE RAILROAD.—We are informed that a movement is on foot to get signatures of tax-payers and voters of this village and town, to a petition to the Legislature for the passage of an act releasing the people of the village and town from the obligation to bond in favor of the proposed road from Liverpool to Fulton; thus leaving them at liberty to aid any project which may offer them a more speedy realization of their hopes than does the one mentioned.

Go ahead! We cannot be worse off than at present, and at all events, must have a railroad which we do not see any present prospect of getting.—*Phoenix Register.*

ANOTHER WORD OF CHEER FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—A lady friend of ours (whose husband is an able journalist), in a letter to us from our old home in England, dated Dec. 13, says: "Allow me to congratulate you on the very great improvement in your paper. I hope you will find it a good speculation. The MEXICO INDEPENDENT is a welcome visitor at our house, the young people especially are delighted with it; and my husband says it is as good as Punch—full of wit and humor—so different from our English papers."

We see that Sheriff Lyman has appointed Wm. A. Tillapaugh, Deputy Sheriff of Mexico, in place of Joseph Simons, whose term of office expired at the end of the year. The appointment is an excellent one, but it would be unjust to allow Sheriff Simons to pass out of our midst without a word of commendation. He has proved a most faithful and efficient officer, and in all our dealings with him we have ever found him prompt and straightforward. We wish him equal success in whatever else he may undertake—he could hardly have better.

UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Universalist Society of Mexico will be held in the basement of the Church, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15. The attendance of all the members is desired. W. S. GOODALL, Clerk.

N. B. All persons having accounts with us are requested to settle within twenty days. BECKER BROS. Mexico, Jan. 7, 1873.

FOR SALE.—An account against Susan Richardson for five cents on a dollar. We have also several other accounts which we shall advertise unless settled immediately. D. L. LESTER & SONS.

Brides in good society now-a-days avoid most strictly the traditional gray and brown traveling suits formerly in vogue, and dress as inconspicuously as possible, so that "all calling needn't know we've just been married."

Letter from Rev. W. R. Cobb.

FRIEND HUMPHRIES.—Feeling, perhaps, I had been altogether too negligent of my Mexico friends, in not giving them any clue to my whereabouts, and what about in any public way, I would avail myself of Monday morning quiet by getting into the southeast corner chamber-room—the farthest remove from the rattling of dishes, smoking clothes, steaming suds, and the general commotion of chairs, pails, &c., and sit me down to a quiet contemplation of my Mexico friends, my Mexico experience, and Mexico longings. For be it known, though I have not said much to you publicly, I have thought much privately, and often longed to see you all.

I have now been eight months absent, but by no means forgotten you. My residence in Herkimer has been quite pleasant. This is a very pleasantly located town of near 2,000 inhabitants. It is difficult to get someone here, as we are exactly on the Central Railroad, over which pass from 50 to 80 trains daily. For many years Herkimer has been dead as to any enterprise, but for the last four years things have taken a new start, and now we have a healthy, steady growth. Some twenty dwellings have been erected the past season, some of them first-class, costing from \$5,000 to \$15,000.

This is the county seat. The county is erecting a new Court-house, costing \$40,000. It is now enclosed nearly. The town comprises the usual "ecclesiastical" institutions, such as Jail, Poor House, &c.

The Church interests in this place are not what they should be. The town contains but three Church edifices, and those not first-class for such a town. The Dutch Reform and Episcopal Churches have, however, respectable houses of worship, which meet their wants very comfortably. My own church worships in a building inferior in some respects to either of the others, especially in outside appearance. It illy meets our wants both as to size and comfort. We have secured a new and ample corner lot, well located, on which we have resolved to build a new edifice, costing not less than \$20,000 nor more than \$30,000, during 1873. The building committee has been appointed, the architect is at work on the "plan," and, Providence favoring, we shall commence getting the rough material together next morning, and break ground early in the spring. On the same lot, and beside the Church, we shall also erect a Parsonage, corresponding in appearance and material with the Church. The sale of the old Parsonage will erect the new.

The religious interests of this place are not what they should be, yet in the Methodist Church they are improving. Our congregations are all we can accommodate; they are crowded. Within the past quarter ten or twelve have been converted or reclaimed, others are seeking, and more are "almost persuaded" to be Christians. I would I could see as general a work as in Mexico two winters ago.

We have as yet held no extra meetings, but hope Providence and Grace will crowd us into it.

As a family we are well and in good spirits.

Mrs. C. and myself and all the family send greetings through you to all our friends in Mexico.

One thing more. Having received through a friend a couple numbers of your paper, recently, I congratulate you on its improved appearance, size and contents. May you have all the prosperity you can safely manage. Amen.

Yours in Christian love, W. R. COBB.

PARISH.

Tuesday, Dec. 31, 1872, saw Mr. B. Spicer was to work in his saw mill, a board or plank, by some means, was sent by the power of the saw against him and broke one his legs about four inches below the hip joint, and bruised him severely otherwise. Dr. Taylor was called, who, with the assistance of Dr. Johnson of Mexico, set the leg. This is a very severe case, but hopes are entertained for Mr. Spicer's recovery. This accident casts a gloom over his many friends here.

Judge Beckham, of Napoleon, Ohio, with his bride, (formerly Miss Helen Taylor), has been spending a few days of their bridal tour among their friends and relations in this place. For some years Miss Taylor has been one of the most successful teachers. A few years since she graduated at the State Normal school, Oswego, with the highest honors. Some time after she was called to teach in one of the departments in the High School in Napoleon. We understand the Judge is very successful in *coaching*; his pleas have their desired effect, and the last effort of his will be conclusive that he is an adept in his profession, and that Helen is a golden prize to win. We have no doubt Helen was just as well pleased when she graduated again into a higher position, from Miss Helen Taylor, teacher, to Mrs. Judge Beckham, wife.

Madame Rumor reports that a larger number of buildings are going up in our place next season than ever before. We are not at liberty to report at present all we know, but suffice it to say that some of them will be very important additions to our place. We learn that parties from abroad have an interest in the matter, and those parties have means.

We learn that the concert recently held for the benefit of Rev. J. B. McCollough, by Mrs. Sandford and her pupils was an entire success. ODD.

Parish, Jan. 3, 1873.

GOOD SLEIGHS FOR SALE.—Francis Villard has good sleighs for sale. He will give time on approved notes or take wood or lumber in exchange. Mexico, Dec. 8, 1872.

We make Tea a specialty, and all lovers of good tea can save money by buying of Ballard. 5-1

New Sheet Music at Virgils.

—Moore's Rural New Yorker for \$2.00. A \$5.00 picture for 50 cts. additional. Subscribe at 5-1

—Frames for sale for "Wide Awake & Past Asleep," at Ballard's Furniture store

Collector's Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the taxable inhabitants of the town of Mexico, that I, the undersigned Collector of Taxes in and for said town, have received the warrant for the collection of the taxes for the present year, and that I will attend at the Store of Golt & Richardson, in the village of Mexico, Friday and Saturday of each week; at J. B. Davis' Hotel in Union Square, Jan. 15th; and at the Hotel of A. E. Huntley, in Colosse, Jan. 16th, for thirty days from the date hereof, from 9 o'clock a. m. till 4 p. m., for the purpose of receiving the payment of taxes. M. D. RICHARDSON, Collector. Mexico, Dec. 26, 1873. 8-4

Auction Sales.

The undersigned having sold their farm, will sell at public auction at their residence in the village of Parish, on Saturday, Jan. 11, 1873, at 10 o'clock a. m.: 2 cows, 3 horses (one 6 year old, 1 span 4-year old), 1 cutter, 1 single harness, 1 set double harness, 1 string of bells, 1 set lumber box, 1 open buggy, 1 lumber wagon, plow, drag, corn cultivator, 1 hog, a number of hens, a quantity of hay, and other articles too numerous to mention. PRINNEY & KLOCK. Parish, Dec. 26, 1872.

The undersigned will sell at public auction, at his residence, half mile north of Upton's Corners, Palermo, on Saturday, Jan. 11, 1873, at 10 o'clock a. m., 1 pair bay horses, 1 cow, 1 pair bobs, 1 long sleigh, 1 buggy wagon, 1 double wagon, 1 set double harness, 1 stove, 1 jointer, cooper tools 1 grinding stone, 1 straw cutter, quantity of fodder, pine lumber, hemlock framing lumber. Also a quantity of bees, and other articles too numerous to mention. JOHN DARBY. Parish, Dec. 26, 1872.

The undersigned will sell at public auction, at the late residence of Charles Burt, deceased, in the town of Hastings, on Saturday, Jan. 25, 1873, at 10 o'clock a. m., 1 pair of horses, 5 cows, 1 calf, 2-year-old heifers, 2 sets of harness, 3 wagons, 1 pair sleighs, 1 moving machine, 3 plows, 1 harrow, 1 fanning mill, 2 sets whitewashes, quantity pine and hemlock lumber, and other articles too numerous to mention. JOHN DARBY. Hastings, Dec. 27, 1872.

Miss Allie Spencer, who died May 31, 1872, was the only daughter of Willis J. and Louisa Spencer, formerly of Vermillion, Oswego Co., N. Y. Allie was a young lady of 17 years and 9 months; modest, attractive, loved and respected by all who knew her. For some time previous to her death she became conscious that her end was near, and made all necessary preparation for her exit. She expressed great confidence in the special care and providence of her Heavenly Father, and demonstrated the truth that "godliness is profitable unto all things." She died in great peace, leaving her beloved mother and little brother, together with a large circle of friends, to mourn her loss.

The following lines by one who knew her are expressive of the feeling of the fond mother:—

My Allie, Where is She?

My heart is full of sadness now,
Though earth is bright and fair to see,
For oh! a shadow on my brow—
Alas, my Allie! where is she?
And though all seems so gay and glad,
Yet in my heart a something sad,
Still whispers low, "Oh! where is she?"
Sometimes I look upon the earth
With joyous smiles so bright and free;
But sadly quickly checks my mirth,
And softly questions, "Where is she?"
I see the things her hands have made,
And look to see her coming in,
To ask some questions or some aid,
But, oh! she absent long has been.
I often think I hear her voice,
Now sweetly tuned in songs of praise,
Myaching heart does then rejoice
In Jesus' precious love and praise.
I see her often in my dreams,
With brow and cheek so very fair;
I greet and kiss her, and it seems
She's near; but Allie—where is she?
I turn my eyes away on high
Where to the weary rest is given!
My white points me to the sky,
And softly whispers, "She's in Heaven!" W. B. F.

A Pleasant Visit—A Christmas Tree.

MR. EDITOR.—We now give you a sketch of our visit at Mexico on Christmas. The first visit was at the house of our brother-in-law, Hiram Benedict, where we met a happy company of friends, (a surprise party), with warm hearts and good wishes. There we spent a happy hour in sweet conversation on the past, while the ladies were preparing a sumptuous meal.

The blessing was asked by Brother Golt. After each had done justice to the dinner the doxology was sung. After a little time we went to the house of Brother Ezra Smith. We were soon invited into the parlor where stood a beautiful Christmas tree, heavily laden with presents of all kinds. An appropriate prayer was offered by Deacon Norton, after which the following verses were sung by S. T. Cooper:

Neighbors and friends 'tis here we meet,
With hearts of love to each other greet,
To spend this hour with hearts so free,
Around this beautiful Christmas tree,
O, the tree, Christmas tree,
Laden with gifts for you and me!

Eighteen hundred and seventy-two,
A tree was planted—where you know,
Announced by angels glad and free,
It was the gift, a Christmas tree,
O, the tree, &c.

Two years have sweetly passed away,
Since we met around a Christmas tree,
We've met again with hearts of glee,
To celebrate the Christmas tree,
O, the tree, &c.

Come, my friends, and let us see,
As we gather around this beautiful tree,
With our hearts all bounding free,
Receive the gifts designed for thee,
O, the tree, &c.

And now, my friends, when we get home,
We'll march around the heavenly throne,
Praise God to all eternity,
Who gave us here the Christmas tree,
O, the tree, &c.

The tree was unloaded by our friends, G. S. Tullar and H. Barber. After an hour spent in social converse, the friends went to their homes, feeling that they had had a pleasant time and a Merry Christmas indeed.

S. T. COOPER AND WIFE, Fulton. Mexico, Dec. 26, 1872.

The Baptist Church.

Of this village, enlarged and remodeled, was yesterday dedicated to the service of God with appropriate and interesting exercises. Rev. M. G. Clarke, D. D., of New York, preached in the afternoon, and Rev. I. Butlerfield, of Oswego, preached in the evening. Both sermons were very able and deeply interesting. The Church was crowded both afternoon and evening. The entire debt was liquidated. We shall give an extended notice of the services in our next issue.

BRIEFS.

—Patty Parsley discourses on Gossip on fourth page.

—Those ladies who have sent us receipts for English Plum Puddings have our thanks. Two of them are from necessity postponed until next week.

—Mr. E. S. Ticknor left town on Monday for Lydia, S. C., where he has a contract to build two churches.

—Mr. and Mrs. Green, of Palermo, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their marriage, on the 26th ult.

—An attempt is being made to raise \$5,000 for the construction of a Protestant Episcopal church at Phenix.

—Another Social will be given by the Universalists at Mayo's Hall, Thursday evening, Jan. 16.

—The Utica Herald says: "Ashes on the sidewalk save the pieces of many commandments."

—The new army knapsacks are to be made of seal skin with the hair left on. It will be easier now for the patriot to seal his devotion to his country.

—The fashionable style of gentlemen's caps is of a pointed nature. It gives the wearer's head the similitude of a small lay stack or a pointed gate post.

—Don't forget to read the 13th Commandment, which reads: "Remember the Poor and the stranger, that thy days may be long in the land which Uncle Sam hath given thee."

—The house occupied by E. Hagar, in Albion, was burned on Thursday night of last week. The fire caught in the upper part of the house. But little furniture was saved. No insurance.

—Mr. F. Washburn, of this village, brought to our office on Monday an apple, three-fourths russet and one-fourth Red Astrakhan. It grew in his garden, and no pains had been taken to produce such a result.

—The Missionary Convocation for the Fourth Missionary District of the Diocese of Central New York, Rev. Dr. Beach of Oswego, President, and Rev. Mr. Patterson of Syracuse, Clerk, met in Christ church, Oswego, on Tuesday.

—At the annual social gathering of the Baptist Sabbath-school at Central Square, held on New Year's night, Mrs. Owen, wife of Rev. D. D. Owen, was presented with a valuable set of mink furs, from her friends in the Sabbath-school and Society.—*Press.*

FIRE IN OSWEGO.—Monroe & Judson's Block, in Oswego, was destroyed by fire early Wednesday morning. Loss \$150,000; insured, \$100,000. Origin of the fire unknown.

NEW DRESS.—The Star in the West, one of our most acceptable exchanges, published by Williamson & Cantwell Pub. Co., Cincinnati, comes to us in new type, and its appearance is as neat as its matter is valuable. Three Mexico boys are connected with it, one as proprietor and two as employees. One of them for several years engaged in this office, and we are glad to note any change favorably affecting their prosperity. May the Star continue to shine and lose none of its lustre.

County Officers.

The following is the list of county officers elected at the last election, and who appeared before the County Clerk and qualified on the 1st inst: Sheriff—Henry H. Lyman. District Attorney—J. J. Lamoree. County Treasurer—Luther H. Conklin. Special County Judge—John Preston. Surrogate—W. H. Kenyon. Justices of the Peace—Horace Scripps, Elmer M. Baldwin. Justices of Sessions—Noel A. Gardner. William Congdon. School Commissioners—1st Dist., Isaac W. Marsh; 2d Dist., William B. Howard; 3d Dist., John W. Ladd.

The members of Assembly for Oswego county are: First District Daniel G. Fort; Second District, William Johnson; Third District, J. Lyman Bulkeley.

Sheriff Lyman has made the following appointments: Under Sheriff—William H. Gray of Pulaski.

Deputy Sheriff—William A. Tillapaugh of Mexico. Baker Kenyon of Central Square. Deputy Sheriff and Assistant Jailor at Oswego—Joseph Dempsey. Jailor at Pulaski—John T. McCarthy. The Sheriff's office will be kept at the Court House in Oswego.

MR. TROUBLE-NOBODY.—Dear Sir: Your notice of Jan. 2d, as expressed in the MEXICO INDEPENDENT, is promptly responded to. It is commonly reported that you are an old bachelor, and some of the fair sex are a little timid; but there are a few like myself who are not afraid of anything or anybody. We have had a large experience in this kind of business; and beside, we want a little money. Several are ready to engage at once.

Please meet me at the private council room on River street, No. 6, second story, on the 11th inst., at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m. Don't fail.

I. P. S. Should it be very dark, be careful not to fall in the well just in front. Yours in the bonds of peace.

MISS TEROFULA GUN. Vermillion, Jan. 7, 1873.

THE MIDLAND RAILROAD.—A change having recently been made in the officers of this road, they are now as follows: President, D. C. Littlejohn; Secretary, Theodore Houston; Treasurer, H. M. Scripps; General Superintendent, C. W. Low; General Freight Agent, H. M. Wood; General Passenger Agent, Wm. H. Wood. Offices 25 Nassau street, New York.

It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that Whitney & Lamoree, of Oswego, have dissolved partnership.

List of Letters.

Remaining in Mexico P. O., uncalled for Jan. 6, 1873:

William Allen; H. J. Daggett; Geo. Hilton; Clarence McBratney; C. Morse; Fred. Winniger; C. Whitaker; Samuel Wallace.

People calling for the above letters will say they are advertised, and give the date. L. F. ALFRED, P. M.

COAL.

The following are the prices for coal: GRAPE, \$3.25 EGG, 8.50 STOVE, 8.50 CHESTNUT, 8.50 CHARCOAL, (per bushel), 20

All coal sold by pack for when delivered. 24 W. PERFIELD.

Splendid Syrup and Molasses at n4 HOOSE & COB'S.

Go to L. G. Ballard's and get some of his New Orleans Molasses.

Subscribe for your Magazines at 5-1 VIRGIL'S.

Go and see the largest assortment of Pocket Cutlery that was ever offered in town at n4 HOOSE & COB'S.

CHRIST CHURCH (Universalist).—Regular services every Sunday, at 2 o'clock p. m. All are invited. Seats free. Rev. James Vincent, Pastor.

Go to Ballard's for your Oysters.

FOR SALE.—1 light 1-horse Sleigh with two seats, trimmed; 1 single harness; 1 two-horse harness. F. WAUGH. Mexico, Dec. 3, 1872.

FOR SALE.—One-half mile west of the Mexico Academy, on Fulton St., a farm of 37 acres, with good buildings. Also 10 acres on the same street, buildings good. Houses and lot on Ames St., and 1 on Main St. A farm of 73 acres, 3 miles east of Parish, on the Camden road, good wood lot and buildings. Terms easy. If not sold will be rented on the first of April. J. W. LAWTON. Mexico, Nov. 5, 1872.

MARRIED: At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Joseph Simons, on the 8th inst., by Rev. B. F. Barker, Mr. Clinton G. Northrop to Miss Eva E. Simons, both of Mexico.

At Albany, Dec. 30, 1872, at the residence of David Matton, Esq., by Rev. Charles Morgan, Samuel W. Beebe, of Constantia, Oswego county, N. Y., to Olive I. Chaffield of Vienna, Onondaga county, N. Y.

In West Monroe, Jan. 1st, 1873, by J. E. Sperry, Esq., Frank Benson of Syracuse, to Miss Evelyn Hill of West Monroe.

In Fulton, Dec. 26th, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. E. Moyses, Marion A. Brand and Nell M. Kendall.

At Rugg's Hotel, on New Year's evening, by Rev. E. Crowell, Mr. Jacob Scriba, to Miss Hattie Walker, both of Paris, N. Y.

At Waverly, Dec. 1872, by Rev. W. H. Bates, Henry Chamberlain of Mansfield, Ohio, to Miss Carrie E. Jones of Phoenix.

At the residence of Rev. J. P. Johnson, by the same, Jan. 1st, 1873, by Rev. Francis C. Scoville of Vienna to Miss Nancy C. Muir of West Monroe.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 1, 1873, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. D. W. Roney, Mr. Florence Welch to Miss Mary A. Turner, all of Oswego.

In Hamilton, Jan. 1st, by Rev. W. D. Corbin, Mr. William Kennedy to Miss Hannah R. Shultz.

At the Empire House, in this village, on Sunday, Jan. 6, 1873, by Rev. L. Munsey, Mr. John Dunn and Mrs. Ann O'Toole, all of Mexico.

DIED: In this village, June 25, 1872, Lucy A. wife John Dunn, aged 80 years. Her memory is precious; beautiful in life; triumphant in death.

In Fulton, Dec. 27th, 1872, Harriet M., wife of H. L. Taylor, aged 25 years.

In North Scriba, January 4, 1873, Mrs. Tamzon Lawton, wife of Edwin J. Lawton, aged 22 years.

In Oswego, January 3d, 1863, Elizabeth Foster, aged 67 years.

In Minetto, Jan. 3d, of paralysis, John C., son of Isaac Atwood, aged 10 years.

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FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

The undersigned wishing to change their business offer their place for sale or to rent. It consists of 30 acres of land in the town of Parish, 12 miles from the village, on the Rotterdam road. It is well fenced, and well watered. Good barns, and house in fair condition. Terms easy. C. F. BORT & CO. Parish, Jan. 2, 1873.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the law partnership heretofore existing between Cyrus Whitney and John J. Lamoree, was on the 31st day of December, 1872, dissolved by mutual consent. CYRUS WHITNEY. JOHN J. LAMOREE. Oswego, Jan. 1, 1873.

Cyrus Whitney, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW. Neal Block, (East end of Lower Bridge), Oswego, N. Y. Practice in all Courts of the United States and State of New York. Special attention paid to collections, Foreclosure of Mortgages, Adjustments of Titles, Conveyancing, Assignments, Bankruptcy, Wills, Settlements of Estates, Railroad, Commercial and Marine Law, &c. CYRUS WHITNEY, (Co. Judge).

Prices Reduced.

I will let horse and cutter to Pulaski, Jennings County, Parish and New Haven for \$1.50; and Colosse, Texas, Union Square and Holmesville, for \$1.25; to Oswego, Fulton, Sandy Creek and Phoenix, \$2.00 each.

